



Losing Grip



👁 57 ✓ 22 ⭐ 11

Chapter 1 by Oxyscapist

The words were too structured for the abruptness his thoughts demanded. And the sand kept slipping through his fingers. It was frustrating.

Chapter 2 by Joakim



He smashed the words together, creating a whirlwind of characters. His mind relished in the chaos that it created.

Chapter 3 by Kitiōn



The sand still sucked through his fingers, and dragged his thoughts into a singularity. Such beauty in chaos, and purity in fractured reason with every passing second, as he looked at his own reflection within the glass hour timer, whilst being sucked further down.

He mused.....

If I fall
will I shatter
into
a million splintered reflections.

Your reflection
my memory

I pretended
to have vines
in my memories of you

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will fly above
the peaks of the highest mountains.

If I fall
I will arise
above the oceans
to the clouds whence I came
and your reflection will fade
from my memory.

How he mused as he flowed in a downward spiral with his seconds.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



The bell rang.

"Alright. Everyone turn in their poems. I will mark them tonight and have them back for you tomorrow morning."

Mr. Jenkins stopped at his desk and looked down.

"All finished?"

Chapter 5 by Kitiōn



Mr. Jenkins was referring to Oxyscapist who was still scribbling something down on paper. Mr. Jenkins repeated himself again, and this time Oxyscapist acknowledged the hint & handed Mr. Jenkins his completed poem.

Oxyscapist then got up & left the classroom closing the door behind him, while Mr. Jenkins was just placing the last of the poems into his briefcase. It was then that he noticed something strange about the last poem which was handed to him, so he placed his reading glasses on to take a closer look.

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Chapter 6 by intellikat



"This is the one... this is IT," mumbled Mr. Jenkins, collapsing into his chair at the front of the room. "The poem every high-school English teacher hopes will one day appear... the perfect poem spawned from innocence and fueled by pure hormones. Never did I ever think I would be the teacher... the one to collect such a masterpiece. My god..." His hands trembled. "It's brilliant. So spare and yet so dense. So rife with both overtone and undertone. H-h-how could Oxyscapist have written this?? MadCatt1999 was always the one I thought would..." He trailed off. "Well, there's nothing to be done now but to quit my job. I have... seen the coming of the prophesied one. My life is now complete." He settled into a calm state of repose, his eyes vacant and contented.

Chapter 7 by Luke Meyers



The next morning, his students found him right where he had been. The poem had fallen from his hand, and his face bore an expression of pure calm and absolute inattention to his surroundings. They snapped their fingers, yelled at him, poked him, slapped him, but nothing provoked a response. They tipped him over and held him down, but he simply resumed his position without comment when they let him go.

"This is fucking weird," concluded one student, a tall girl named Sabrina. "He needs a doctor or something."

Next to her, a boy named Michael spoke up. "Yeah, someone should go get the nurse." Noticing the fallen poem on the floor, he bent to pick it up. "Is this what he was reading? Some kind of poem."

"Can I see?" Sabrina asked. Michael passed it to her, and she scanned the lines of text. As she reached the end, her features softened from tense concern into blissful calm. She smiled gently, and passed the paper back to Michael.

He glanced at it, then at her. "You okay?"

Chapter 8 by intellikat



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words and lines. How the poem had its power, I know not. But If its reader was a good writer once, they were terrible now. Just... horrible. Lazy, sloppy, boring.

I tell you this story now, and every word of it is true. Except for one thing.

It was not a poem that Oxyscapist wrote.

It was a story called Losing Grip.

the end

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